Chaucer's GHOAST: Or, A Piece of ANTIQUITY.

Containing twelve pleasant Fables of *Ovid* penn'd after the ancient manner of writing in *England*.

Which makes them prove Mock-Poems to the present Poetry.

With the History of Prince *Corniger*, and his Champion Sir *Crucifrag*, that run a tilt likewise at the present Historiographers.

By a Lover of Antiquity.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, &c. Hor

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So 10.383

HARVARD C[illegible]
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LIBRA[illegible]

Shaplegh Fund.

TO THE Readers.

NEw Books & Pamphlets, Sirs, now a-days thruſt ſo faſt out of the Preſs, that they will not give the Readers time to breath; this was the miſery of *Juvenals* time,

and I may cry as he did, *Semper ego auditor tantum?* But yet there is one Remedy, *perituræ non parcere chartæ.* Yet what shall be the Subject? Novelty. No. Hang it, then must it be laught at and jeared in every Coffee-house, and be subject to the Old mens Tobacco-pipes to bring them fire. But Coffee-houses are going down, you'l say: Faith that's one comfort; for I heard such damming of a Pamphlet there

there once, that I thought they had ſate on the Life and Death of the Author: Beſides, I know ſome perſons hate new Faſhions, as much as an old *Don* in the Univerſity hates *Burgerdicius* Logick; becauſe he was taught in *Sanderſons.*

Shall the Matter be old then as the *Præ-adamites*? No, that's fooliſh too—— O Gramercy mine old grete Granfader, now me

ſeemeth to think on his wholeſome Saw,

In the mid way
'tis zafe to play.

So then I muſt write what's neither new nor old; in a Dialect that is both dawbed over with Novelty, and hath Antiquity for its ground. Have at 'um then, and let any Novice ſay what he will; ſince there is a Temple built to Antiquity,

what

what ever the World may ſay of my Superſtition, I am reſolved to fix this Tablet there.

Farewell.

Upon

Upon the Authours Piece of Antiquity, by his Friend.

NEw Pamphlets every day, new Book's the cry:
The reaſon (ſince they are ſo common) why?
Can that be new whoſe likeneſs every day
Appears in the ſame mode? for ſhame away.
If this be news, then Pie at Chriſtmas is,
And Pancakes on Shrove-Tuſeday are novelties:
But here's a Piece; come quick, before 'tis ſold.
'Tis truly new: for why? becauſe 'tis old.

Argument

Argument I.

HOw *Pygmalion* fell in Love with the Image he made.

Pygmalion niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpſit ebur, formamq; dedit, qua fœmina naſci
Nulla poteſt, operiſq; ſui concepit amorem.
Ovid. l. x. 247-

Argument II.

How *Diana* turned *Acteon* into a Hart, and how he was devoured by his own Dogs.

——— *alienæ cornua fronti*
Addita, voſq; canes ſatiati ſanguine heri. Ovid. l. 3. 139-40

Arg. III.

How *Jupiter* and *Juno* fell at odds concerning Love, and how they choſe *Tireſias* for their Judge, *&c.*

Placuit, quæ ſit ſententia docti
Quærere Tireſiæ. Venus huic erat utraq;
utraq; nota. Ovid. l. 3.

Arg.

Arg. IV.

Of the Love of *Apollo* toward *Coronis*; and how the white Bird for discovering it was turned into a black Raven.

Pulchrior in tota, quam Latißæa Coronis,
Non fuit Amonia; placuit tibi Delphia certè
Dum vel caſta fuit vel inobſervata: ſed ales
Senſit adulterium Phœbius, &c. Ovid. l. 2.

Arg. V.

How the Giant *Polyphemus* loved the Nymph *Galatea*.

Nec ſi quæſieris odium Cyclopis amorne
Acidis in nobis fuerit præſtantior edam.
Ovid. l. xiij. 756

Arg. VI.

The Battaile between *Hercules* and *Achelous* for the Love of *Deianira*.

Accipe me generum dixi Parthane nate,
Dixit & Alcides, &c. Ovid. l. ix.

Arg.

Arg. VII.

Mars and *Venus* caught together, and chained by *Vulcan*.

Ut Venere locum conjux & adulter in unum,
Arte viri, vinclisq; nova ratione paratis
In mediis ambo deprensi amplexibus hærent. Ovid. l. iv.

Arg. VIII.

How *Jupiter* raviſhed *Io*; and how ſhe was transformed into a Cow, and how *Mercury* ſlew her Keeper *Argus*.

Conjugis adventum præſenſerat, inq; nitentem
Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille juvencam. Ovid. l. i.

Arg. IX.

Leucothea raviſhed by *Phœbus*.

Victa nitore dei poſitâ vim paſſa querela eſt. Ovid. l. iv.

Arg. X.

Caliſto deflowred by *Jupiter*.

Dum

Dum redit itq; frequens in virgine Nonacrinâ.
Hæsit, &c. Ovid. l. ii.

Arg. XI.

Of the great patience of the Philosopher *Socrates*, and how his Wife threw a pot full of water upon his head. *Diog. Laert.*

Arg. XII.

Of the excellent Harper *Arion*.
Carmine vocali ſylvas animoſq; ferarum
Threicius votes, & ſaxa ſequentia traxit.
Ovid. l. xi. This you ſhall find in the following Hiſtory of Prince *Corniger* and his Champion.

Chaucer's

Chaucer's Ghoaſt

OR,

A Piece of Antiquity.

Argument I.

Pygmalion niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpſit ebur, formamq; dedit, qua fæmina naſci
Nulla poteſt, opereſq; ſui concepit amorem.
Ovid. l. x.

I Find that heretofore was one,
whoſe name it was *Pygmalion*,
which was a luſty man of youth,
and at fine warks was very couth
above all other men, as tho,
and through fortune it fell him ſo.

As

As he that doth in Love travail,
he made an Image of entail;
like to a Woman in ſemblance
of feature and of countenance.
So fair, yet never was Figure,
right as a living creature
ſhe ſeemed, for of Ivory white
he hath it wrote of ſuch delight.
She was ruddy on the Cheke,
and red on her Lips eke,
whereof then he himſelf begyl'd,
for with a goodly look ſhe ſmil'd;
ſo that through pure impreſſion
of his own imagination,
with all the heat of his courage
his love upon this fair Image
he ſet: and her of love pray'd,
but ſhe not one word again ſaid.
All the long day what thing he did,
this fair Image in the ſame ſtead

was ever by, ſo that at meat
he would her ſerve, and pray'd her eat,
and put unto her mouth the cup:
and when the board was taken up,
he led her to his chamber home,
and after when the night was come,
he lay'd her in bed all naked,
he often wept and often waked.
He kiſt her cold lips oft and oft,
and wiſht her that they were more ſoft;
and oft he told her in her ear,
and oft his arm now here now there
he lay'd as he would her embrace;
and ever and anon he asked grace,
as though ſhe wyſt what it meant,
and himſelf began to torment.
But *Venus* of her grace him heard
by night, and whan that leaſt he fear'd,
and it lay naked in his arm,
the cold Image began be warm

of

of fleſh and bone, and full of life;
lo thus he wan a luſty Wife,
which obeyſant was at his will,
and of his pleaſure gave him fill.
But if he would have help him ſtill,
he ſhould have failed of his will;
but 'cauſe he pray'd, his love he ſped,
and had all that he would abed;
for e're away they two did go,
a jolly child between them two
they gate: Thus Love is favourable
to them that have been of Love ſtable.

Arg.

Argument. 2.

aliena cornua fronti
Addita, voſq; canes ſatiati ſanguine herili. Ovid. l. 3.

Ovid in his book he ſpakes
examples touchen bad miſtakes,
and ſaith, how whilome there was one
a worthy Lord, which *Acteon*
was call'd, and he was Couſin nigh
to him that *Thebes* firſt on high
up ſet. *Acteon* 'bove all chear
had uſed it from year to year,
with Hounds and with great Horns
amongſt the Woods and the Thorns,
to make his Hunting and his Chace,
where he beſt thought in every place,

to find out Game in a fair way,
there rode he for to hunt and play.
So him befell upon a tide,
on his hunting as he did ride,
in a Foreſt alone he was,
and ſaw there upon the green graſs
the fair flowers freſh to ſpring,
he heard amongſt the leafs to ſing
the Throſtel with the Nightingale.
Thus (e're he wyſt) into a Dale
he came, and in a Plain he lit
all round about which was beſet
with buſhes green, and cedars high,
and there within he caſt his eye;
amidſt the Plain he ſaw a Well
ſo fair, that there may no man tell.
In which *Diana* naked ſtood
to bathe and play her in the Floud,
with many Nymphs which there her ſerved:

but

but he his eye away ne're ſwerved
from her that was naked and tall;
but ſhe was wondrous wrath withall,
and him (as ſhe which was Goddeſs)
for's hope, anon gave him likeneſs
of Beaſts, and made him be a Hart,
which was before his Dogs to ſtart.
Then ran he buſily about
with many a horn, and many a rout,
that made moche noiſe and piteous cry;
and at the laſt unhappily
this Hart his own Hounds grimly ſlew,
and to pieces miſchievouſly him drew.
Lo now my Son, what it is
a man to caſt his eye amiſs.

Arg. 3.

Placuit, quæ ſit ſententia docti
Quærere Tireſiæ. Venus huic erat utraq;
utraq; nota. Ovid. l. 3.

TRuth 'tis that good ne're came
of ſtrife,
to ſeek it in all a mans life,
though it begin upon pure game,
full oft it turneth into bane,
and doth grievance on ſome ſide,
whereof the great Clerk *Ovide*,
after this manner, as I trow,
of *Jupiter* and's Wife *Juno*,
makes in his books mention
how they fell at diſſention
amongſt themſelves in unity,
and that was upon this degree;

which

which of the two more amorous is,
or man or wife; and upon this
they might no ways accord in one,
and took one to judge thereupon,
which called is *Tyreſias*,
and bid him deem juſt in this caſe;
and he without any aviſement
againſt *Juno* gave his judgment.
This Goddeſs upon his anſwer
was wroth, and would not forbear,
but took away for evermo
the light from both his eyes two.
When *Jupiter* this hurt had ſeen,
another benefit then agen
he gave, and ſuch a grace him doth,
that what he wiſt he ſaid ſoth,
a Sothſayer he was for ever;
but yet that other had lever
have had the looking of his eye,
then of his word the Prophecy.

Arg. IV.

Pulchrior in tota, quam Lariſæa Coronis,
Non fuit Amonia; placuit tibi Delphia certè,
Dum vel caſta fuit vel inobſervata: ſed ales
Senſit adulterium Phœbius, &c. Ovid. l. 2.

NOw take a Tale into thy mind,
the which of old enſample I find.
Phœbus, which maketh the days light,
a Love he had a handſome Wite
Coronis, whom aboven all
he pleaſed, but what ſhall befall
of Love, there is no man knoweth;
but as Fortune her happes throweth.
So it befell upon a chance,
a young Knight took her acquaintance,
and had of her all that he wold,
but a falſe Bird that was too bold;

though

though kept in Chamber from pure youth,
discovered all that e're he couth:
the Bird's name was amongst men
Corvus; and the Bird was then
well more white than any Swan:
and he did tell all that he can,
and all her thefts to *Phœbus* said.
But he for wrath his Swerd out-braid,
and it to *Coronis* did show,
but after that there was much wo;
and she took full great repentance,
whereof in token and remembrance
of him which used wicked speech,
upon this Bird he took his wrech,
that he which was snow-white before,
was afterwards cole-black therefore
transformed; thus his deeds he shew-eth,
and many a man yet him beshreweth;

and calleth him unto this day
a Raven, by whom yet men ſay
take evidence when that he crieth,
that ſome miſhap it ſignifieth.

Arg. 5.

Nec ſi quæſieris odium Cyclopis amorne
Acidis in nobis fuerit præſtantior edam.
Ovid. l. xiij.

GReat *Polyphemus* long ſince (thought,
when that he *Galate* had beſought
of Love, which he might not latch
that made him for to wait and watch
by all ways how ſhe far'd,
till at laſt he knew and heard,
how that another had leave (grieve;
to love the Nymph, which did him
ſo that he knaw none other rede,
as for to ſpeak of any ſpeed,

but

but for to watch and wait on all,
till he may ſee the chance befall,
that he her Love might grieve,
which he himſelf might not achieve.
This *Galatea*, ſaith the Poet,
above all others was moſt meet
of beauty, which then all men knew,
and had a luſty Love and true,
a Batchelour in high degree,
right ſuch another as was ſhe,
on which her heart was ſo faſt ſet,
ſo that it might by naught be let.
This Knight *Acis* was very hot,
and ſhe againward alſo hot
him loved onely, and no mo;
hereof was *Polyphemus* wo.
Through pure envy and ever ſpy'd,
and waited upon every ſide,
when he togyder might them ſee,
this young *Acis* with *Galate*.

So

So long he waited to and fro,
till at the laſt he found them two
in privy place whereas they ſtood
to ſpeak, and have her words made good:
The place wherein he them did ſpie,
it was under a bank, nigh
the great Sea, and he above
ſtood and beheld the luſty Love
which each of them to other made
with goodly cheer, and words full glade.
So all his heart was ſet on fire
by pure envy and deadly ire;
and then he flew away, I trow,
as arrow flyeth out of bow;
as though he were for Love ſtart mad,
when as he ſaw this ſight ſo ſad.
This *Polypheme* a Geaunt was,
and when he ſaw the ſoth o'th' cas

how

how *Galate* him did forſake,
and *Acis* to her Love did take;
his heart no longer might forbear,
but he roar'd out like any bear,
and ran *Ætna* the hill about,
where never yet the fire was out,
full fill'd with ſorrow and diſeaſe,
'cauſe he ſaw *Acis* weil at eaſe;
till at the laſt he him bethought,
as he which all by envy ſought,
and turned to the bank again;
where he with *Galate* had ſeen
young *Acis*, whom he thought to grieve,
though he himſelf might not relieve.
This Geaunt then with his rude might
part of the banck did throw out-right;
the which fell juſt on *Acis* pate,
and knockt him down (for 'twas his fate)

Thus

Thus *Polypheme* did *Acis* ſlay,
but *Galate* did run away;
and as ſhe fled along the Land,
Neptune took her by the hand,
and kept her in ſo faſt a place
from *Polypheme* and his menace;
that he for all his falſe envy
might ne're enjoy her company.

Arg. 6.

Accipe me generum dixi Parthaone nate,
Dixit & Alcides, &c. Ovid. l. ix.

Oeneus had *Calydons* Empire,
and had a Daughter *Deianyre*,
and all men wyſt that there was none
ſo fair a Wight as ſhe was one;
and as ſhe was a luſty Wight,
right ſo was then a noble Knight,

to whom *Mercury* fader was,
which ſet up two pillars of braſs,
the which as yet a man may find,
ſet up in the Deſert of *Inde*;
this was the worthy *Hercules*,
whoſe name ſhall be endleſs
for all the marvails that he wrought.
This *Hercules* the Love beſought
of *Deianire*, and of this thing
unto her fader which was King
he ſpake, touching of Marriage.
The King knowing his high linage,
and dreadding all his deeds mighty,
ne're durſt his Daughter to deny.
Yet netheleſs this he him ſaid,
how *Achilous*, e're he, firſt pray'd
to wed her: and in that accord
they ſtood as it were on record:
but for all that this he him granted,
that which of them the other daunted

in

in arms, his Daughter him ſhould take,
and do what ſhe would for his ſake.
This *Achelous* was a Gyant,
a ſubtle man and a deceyvant;
who through Magick and Sorcery
could all the world out-treachery.
And whan that he this Tale heard
upon what ſcore the King anſwer'd
to *Hercules*, that he muſt fight,
he truſted much upon his ſlight:
And Love that every heart doth ſtear,
made him his life not to forbear;
for his Lady whom he deſir'd,
but with courage his heart it fir'd:
And ſo he ſent word without fail,
that he would enter the Battaile.
At the ſet day and choſen field,
the Knights both covered under ſhield,
togyder came at the time ſet,
and each one is with other met.

It fell that they fought both on foot,
there was no ſtone, there was no root
which might let them in their way,
but all was void and ta'ne away.
Truth, they ſmite ſtrokes but very few,
for *Hercules* who then would ſhew
his great ſtrength, as for the nonce
he ſtarts upon him all at once,
and caught him in his arms ſo ſtrong:
the Gyant wote he could not long
endure under ſo hard a bond;
then by ſome ſlight for to eſcape,
as he himſelf could beſt miſhape,
in likeneſs of a ſnake he skipt
out of his hand, and forth he leapt;
and oft as he that fight woul,
he turn'd himſelf into a Bull,
and 'gan to bellow in ſuch a ſound,
as though the skies would fall to ground.

The earth he ſpurns, and then he pranceth,
and his broad Horns he then advanceth,
and caſt them here and there about.
But he who made of him no doubt,
awaited well, and when he came
by both his Horns he did him tame,
and all at once he did him caſt
unto the ground, and held him faſt,
that he ne're might by any ſlight
out of his hands get up on height,
till he was overcome, and told
that *Hercules* might what he would.
The King then granted to fulfill
his askings 'cording to his will;
and he that had with danger ſerved,
did think he had her well deſerved:
and thus with great deſert of Arms,
he wan her for to ligge in arms,

as he which had it dearly bought,
and otherwiſe he ſhould not.

Argument. 7.

Vt Venere locum conjux & adulter in unum,
Arte viri, vincliſq; nova ratione paratis,
In mediis ambo deprenſi amplexibus hærent. Ovid. l. iv.

UPon a certain caſe of Love amongſt the gods that dwell above,
upon a time it fell out thus.
The god of fire which *Vulcanus*
is hot, and hath a craft forthwith
aſſigned for to be a Smith
to *Jupiter*, to forge his Thunder,
at which all mortal men do wonder.

This *Vulcanus* in the figure
both of visage and of stature,
is loathly and malgracious,
but yet he hath within his house,
as for the liking of his life,
the fair *Venus* to be his Wife.
But *Mars* that of all Battails is
the god, an eye had unto this;
and he which was so chivalrous,
it fell him to be amorous;
and thought it was great pity
to see so fair a one as she
be coupled with so foul a Wight:
and she that had so good insight
toward so noble a Knightly Lord,
fell in Love with his accord.
There lacked nought but time & place
for him for to enjoy her Grace.
But when two hearts fall into one,
so wise a wait was never none;

but

but at ſome time they two will meet:
and thus this Lady fair and ſweet
with *Mars* had often company;
till at laſt unkind jealouſie,
which evermore the heart oppoſeth,
maketh *Vulcan* that he ſuppoſeth,
that it is not well over all,
and to himſelf he ſaid, he ſhall
eſpie better, if that he may;
and ſo it fell upon a day,
that he this thing ſo ſlightly led,
that he did find them both a bed,
all warm each one with other naked,
and he with craft had ready maked
ſtrong chains, and therewithall them bound,
as he togyder had them found;
and then he left them lying ſo,
and 'gan to call and cry, ho, ho,

unto the gods that lived about,
and they aſſembled in a rout;
and came the matter for to ſee,
but none amend at all had he,
but was rebuked here and there
of all that *Venus* Lovers were.
Who ſaid that he was for to blame,
if there befell him any ſhame,
it was through his miſgovernance,
and thus he loſt his countenance.
Then they them looſed from the bands,
whereof theſe earthly hunbands
for ever may enſample take,
I ſuch a chance them overtake.

Arg. 8.

Conjugis adventum præsenserat, inq; mitentem
Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille juvencam. Ovid. l. i.

Ovid telleth in his Saws,
how *Jupiter* in ancient days
lay by a Maid, which *Io*
was called, whereof's Wife *Juno*
was wroth; and as she was Goddess,
of *Io* turned the likeness
into a Cow, to go throughout
the fields and pastures thereabout,
and get her meat upon the Green;
and thereupon the lofty Queen
betook her *Argus* for to keep;
for he was seldom wont to sleep,
because he had an hundred eyes,
all were alive, and all were spies.

Now hearken how he was beguiled
by *Mercury*, who was affiled
this Cow to steal; he came disguised,
and had a Pipe full well devised
of Musick, and thus to the field
he came, where *Argus* he beheld
with *Io*, which beside him went.
With that anon his Pipe he bent,
and 'gan to pipe in such manner,
things which were sleepy for to hear;
and in his piping ever among
he sang him such a lulling Song,
that he the Giant brought asleep,
and there was no eye that might keep
his head, which *Mercury* off smote,
and so away the Cow he got;
the Cow, I say, which *Argus* kept;
and all this fell for that he slept.

Arg. 9.

Victa nitore dei positâ vim passa querela est. Ovid. l. iv.

Venus which hath the Law in hand,
of that which we cannot withstand,
as she who doth the treasure guard
of Love, and hath it in her ward;
Phœbus to Love hath so constrained,
that without rest he's sorely pained,
with all his watchfulness to wait
to find the Damsels guards less strait,
who was in chamber kept so close,
that she ne're did her self disclose,
but with her mother for to play,
Leucothea (so as men say)
this Maid was fair, and *Orchamus*
her Fader was; but it fell thus

to's Daughter, that was kept ſo dear,
and had been ſo from year to year,
under her Mothers Diſcipline
a clean Maid and a fair Virgin:
Upon the whoſe Nativity
of comelineſs and of beauty,
Nature had ſet all that ſhe may;
that like unto the Moneth of *May*,
which all the other Moneths o'th' year
ſurmounteth: So without her peer,
was of this Maiden the feature;
whereof *Phœbus* without meaſure
her loved, and on every ſide
awaited, if ſo may betide,
that he through any ſlight might
her luſty Maidenhead unright,
eſteem'd above all the worlds wealth.
And thus lurking upon ſtealth,
in his await ſo long he lay;
till it befell upon a day,

that

that he throughout the Chamber wall
came in all ſuddenly, and ſtall
that thing that was to him ſo chief,
But wo the while he was a thief.
And *Venus* who was Enemy
of ſuch Love-treachery,
diſcovered all the plain caſe
to *Clymene*, who then was
towards *Phœbus* his Concubine;
and whan ſhe found the cauſe in fine
of all the caſe, then ſhe was wroth,
and for to plague the Maid ſhe goeth,
and told her Father how it ſtood,
who was for ſorrow well nigh wood.
And to her Mother thus he ſaid,
Lo what it is to keep a Maid.
To *Phœbus* dare I nothing ſpeak,
but unto her it ſhall be wreke.
So that all Maidens after this
now take enſample, what it is

to ſuffer Maidenhead be loſt,
for fear it ſhould their death them coſt,
and bad with that to make a pit,
wherein he hath his Daughter ſet,
as he that would no pity have,
ſo that ſhe was all quick in Grave,
and died anon in his preſence.
But *Phœbus* who had reverence
to her that died for his Love,
hath wrought through his power above,
that ſhe ſpring up out of the mold,
into a flower as bright as Gold.

Arg. 10.

Dum redit itq; frequens in virgine Nona. crinâ.
Hæsit, &c. Ovid. l. ii.

KIng *Cytheron* upon his Wife
a Daughter had, a goodly life,
and clean Maiden of goodly fame,
and *Calisto* was her right name
called, and she by many a Lord
was oft besought, but her accord
to Love might no man win,
as she which had no lust therein;
but swore within her heart, and said,
she would for ever be a Maid.
Wherefore to keep her self in peace
with the Nymphs *Amadriades*,
upon the Springs and the fresh VVells,
she hopes to dwell, and no where ells:

and

and thus came this *Caliſtona*
into the Wood of *Tegea*,
and thus ſhe came within the ſight
of *Diana*, and there ſhe plight
her troth upon the VVoods ſo green,
to preſerve her Maidenhead clean,
which afterwards upon a day
was privily ſtolen away.
For *Jupiter* through his quaintiſe
from her it took in ſuch a wiſe,
that ſuddenly, and forth withall
her womb aroſe, and ſhe did ſwall;
ſo then ſhe could no longer hide,
and thereupon it did betide,
that *Diana* (the ſoth to tell)
in privy place unto a VVell,
with Nymphs all in her company
was gone, and out of waggery
ſhe ſaid, that ſhe bathe would,
and bad that every Maiden ſhould

with her all naked bathe alſo,
and then began the privy wo.
And *Caliſto* was red for ſhame;
but they that never knew the game,
to whom no ſuch thing did befall,
anon they made them naked all,
becauſe that nothing they would hide;
but ſhe withdrew her ever aſide;
and netheleſs into the Floud,
whereas *Diana* her ſelf ſtood,
ſhe thought for to come unperceived,
but thereof ſhe was all deceived;
for when ſhe came a little nigh,
and *Diana* her VVomb did ſpie,
ſhe ſaid, away O thou foul Beaſt,
for thy eſtate is not honeſt;
nor may'ſt thou this chaſte water touch,
for thou haſt ta'ne a touch too much,
which never may be whole again.
And thus ſhe goes which was forlain

with

with ſhame, and fled away that day
from all the Nymphs, for ever and ay.

Arg. 11.

How Socrates *wife threw a Pot of Water upon his Head, and of his patience.*

MY ſon a man to buy him peace,
behoves to ſuffer as *Socrates*;
for amongſt men 'tis evident,
that he was very patient;
for he wedded a wicked Wife,
who gave him much ſorrow and ſtrife:
againſt his eaſe it was contraire,
but he ſpake ever ſoft and fair;
till it befell, (as it is told)
in Winter when the day is cold,
that his wife was from the Well come,
with a full pot of water home:

and

and ſo ſhe brought it in the houſe,
and ſaw how that her quiet ſpouſe
was ſet, and looked on a Book
nigh to the fire, as he who took
his eaſe, as for a man of age;
but ſhe began her wonted rage,
and asked him what divel he thought,
that he ſo near the fire him brought:
when as ſhe labour took in hand,
and ſaid that ſuch an Husband
was to a Wife not worth a ſtre,
but he ſaid neither nay nor ye;
but held him ſtill, and let her chide.
But ſhe which may her ſelf not hide,
began within forthwith to ſwell,
and that ſhe brought in from the VVell,
the water-pot ſhe put aloft,
and bade him ſpeak; but he all ſoft
ſate ſtill, and not a word anſwer'd,
with that ſhe ask'd him how he far'd;

and

and asked him if he be dead?
and all the water on his head
ſhe poured out, and bade him wake.
But he which never would forſake
his patience, did ſoftly ſpake,
that he ne wondred what was done,
for now the winter was begun,
and winter as by way of kind,
which ſtormy is, as men it find,
firſt maketh the winds for to blow,
and after that within a throw
it rains, which reaſon's well beſeen,
to cauſe me novv both vvind and rain
after the ſeaſon of the year;
and then he ſet him near the fire.

The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Prince CORNIGER, *and his Champion Sir* CRUCIFRAG.

SO it befell upon a time after the Death of King *Mort*, who was wounded in battaile by his Enemies, that he died; when all his good Knights and Barons, paſſing ſtout men of bodies were gedred togyder in their their Caſtle, to make a Counſaile-general and a great Juſts, after they were come thider,

and lodged as them ſeemed beſt, there came a Dameſel which was ſent on a meſſage from the great Lady of the Iſle of *Witch*; and when ſhe came before them, ſhe let her mantel fall that was very richly furniſhed, and then was ſhe girded with a noble Swerd, whereof the Knights had great marvail, and ſaid, Dameſel, for what cauſe are you girded with this Swerd? it beſeemeth you not. This Swerd, ſaid the Dameſel, that I am girded withall, doth me great ſorrow and encumbrance: for I may not be delivered of this Swerd, but by a good Knight, and he muſt be a paſſing brave man of his hands,

hands, and of his deeds, and without villany and treachery: For I have been with King *Palliobarb*, 'cauſe it was told me that there were paſſing good Knights with him, but none of them can ſpeed. Then they all pulled at it eagerly, but the Swerd would not out. Sirs, ſaid the Dameſel, ye need not pull half ſo hard, for he that ſhall pull it out, ſhall do it with little might, and he muſt be a clean Knight, of gentle ſtream both of fader and mothers ſide.

Now it hapned ſo at that time, that there was a poor Knight, which had been priſoner with King *Mort* half a

year, for ſleying of a Knight that was his Couſin; this Knight was named *Corniger*, ('cauſe his Creſt was a pair of Horns) and by the good means of the Barons he was delivered out of Priſon after the Kings Death; for he was a paſſing good Knight. So he went privily to the Caſtle, and ſaw this adventure, whereof his heart roſe, and would aſſail it as other Knights did; but for becauſe he was poorly arrayed, they put him not far in price. Netheleſs he called the Dameſel, and ſaid, I pray you of Courteſie to ſuffer me as well to aſſay as theſe Lords; though I be poor clothed, in my heart me

feem-

ſeemeth I am fully aſſured to ſpeed right well. The Dameſel beheld the Knight, but for becauſe of his poor array ſhe thought he ſhould be of no worſhip without villany or treachery. Ah fair Dameſel, ſaid Sir *Corniger*, worthineſs and good deeds are not all onely in rayment, but manhood, and worſhip, and hardineſs is not in cloathing. In ſooth, ſaid the Dameſel, you ſay true, therefore you ſhall aſſay to do what you will; then he took the Swerd by the Girdle and Scabberd, and drew it out eaſily: and when he looked upon the Swerd, it pleaſed him moche. Then the Barons had great mervail that

Sir *Corniger* had done the adventure. Truly, said the Damesel, this is a passing good Knight, and the best man that ever I found, and most of worship without treachery and villany; and many mervails shall he achieve. Wherefore all the Knights and Barons cry'd all at once, We will have Sir *Corniger* unto our King: for we all see that it is Goodness will that he should be our King, and who so holdeth against it, we will slee him. And thereupon they kneeled down all at once both rich and poor, and cry'd Prince *Corniger* mercy, because he had been imprisoned; and Prince *Corniger* forgave it them: And so

ſo anon there was Coronation made, and there was he ſworn to the Lords and Commons for to be a true King, to ſtand with true Juſtice from henceforth all the days of his life. So he became their King, and let cry a great Feaſt.

But many Complaints were made unto Prince *Corniger* of great wrongs that were done by their Enemies, ſithen the Death of King *Mort*, of many Londs that were bereaved of their Lords, Knights, Ladies, and Gentlemen; wherefore the King came out of his Towre to the Ambaſſadours, and there went with him Sir *Cruel*, Sir *Raſour*, and Sir *Kilman*; theſe

were the men of moſt worſhip that were with him. And whan they met togider, there was but little meekneſs; for there was ſtout and hard words on both ſides, but always Prince *Corniger* anſwered them, He would make them blow if he lived: wherefore they departed with wrath; and Prince *Corniger* bid them keep them well, and they bid Prince *Corniger* keep him well. So the Prince returned to his Caſtle, and armed him and all his Knights; in the mean while there were three hundred good men of the beſt that went ſtrait to Prince *Corniger*, and that comforted him greatly. And

Sir

Sir *Cruel*, Sir *Raſour*, and Sir *Kilman* ſlew on the right hand and on the left, and did mervailous deeds of Arms, that the King had great joy of their deeds and hardineſs. But the Enemies came on afreſh behind them, and perplexed Prince *Cornigers* Knights; wherefore Prince *Corniger* drew his Sword which was ſo bright in his Enemies eyes, that it gave light like thirty Torches, and therewith he put them back, and ſlew moch people.

So in little ſpace the Enemy fled, and Prince *Corniger* returned to his Caſtle; where he found a paſſing fair fellowſhip, and well beſeen, whereof he had

had great joy, and victuals they wanted none.

Next day Prince *Corniger* with his good and truſty Knights ſet upon his Enemies ſo fiercely, that they overthrew their Pavilions on their heads, but by manly Proweſs of Arms they were forced to take a fair field; and when it grew towards day, Sir *Fierce* ſmote down Horſe and Man, and Sir *Raſour* cut an infinite company of heads off, and Sir *Kilman* ſlew many a valiant Knight, ſo the meddle waxed paſſing great and hard on both parties. But when Sir *Fierce* ſaw Sir *Cruel* on foot, he ran like a Lyon upon Sir *Meddlemuch* his Ene-

Enemy, and ſmote him through the left ſide, that horſe and man fell down to the ground: Then he took the horſe by the Rayns, and led him to *Sir Cruel*, and ſaid, Have thou this Horſe, mine old Friend, for grete need haſt thou of an Horſe. Gramercy, ſaid Sir *Cruel*, and lightly mounted. So then he ſaw Prince *Corniger* do mervailouſly, that all men had wonder thereof; for he ſmote King *Boldenough* on the Helm, that a quarter of the Helm and half the Shield fell down, and ſo the Swerd carved down unto the Horſe neck; and ſo both Horſe and Man fell to the ground. But there came four-

teen

teen Knights upon him, and then he ſmote one of them on the Helm, and it went down to the Teeth; and he rode to another, and ſmote him that his Arm flew into the Field; then he went to the third, and ſmote him on the Shoulder, that both Shoulder and Arm flew into the Field; and he ſmote another Knight on the Neck, that Head and Helm went to the earth: So Sir *Cruel*, Sir *Fierce*, and Sir *Raſour*, and Sir *Kilman* by Prince *Cornigers* example, ſmote off Heads, Legs, and Arms wonderfully. So the Battle was paſſing hardy, that many Knights ſhook and trembled for eagerneſs.

Then

Then Prince *Corniger* ſeeing the Battle wou'd not be ended by no manner, he faced like a Wood Lyon, and ſtirred his Horſe here and there, on the right hand and on the left, that he ſtinted not till he had ſlain twenty Knights; ſo there was a terrible meddle of breaking Spears and ſmiting of Swerds, with ſleying of men and horſes, and the enemies wete at a loſs; for there was newly arrived Sir *Bloudy* as a fierce Tyger, that his ſtrokes redounded again from the Wood and the Water; ſo that the Enemies were forced to hurtle togyder for great drede, and a grete multitude fled, but his blow fell upon Sir

Coward,

Coward, and carved a cantel of his Shield; and the Swerd slid down by the Hawberk behind his back, and cut in twain the Trapper of Steel, and the Horse also in two pieces. So he became so bloudy, that no man might know him; for all was Bloud and Bráins about him.

Then returned Prince *Corniger* with his Knights to his Castle, where all his Barons attended on him, and there came a fair Damesel also which was an Earls Daughter, and she came thyder to do homage as other Lords did after the great Battaile; and Prince *Corniger* set his Love gretely upon her, so

ſo ſhe did upon him; and the King had a do with her, and that night dremed a mervailous Dreme whereof he was right ſore adradde: for him thought that there was coming in his Lond many Gryffons and Serpents, and him thought he they ſlew moch of his people; and then him thought he fought with them, and that they did him paſſing great demage, and wounded him full ſore. So the King awoke, and was paſſing heavy and right penſife of his Dreme; and then to put away all thoughts of Battail, next morning he made him ready with his Knights to ride on Hunting; and aſſoon as he came

came in the Forreſt, he ſaw a grete Hart before him; this Hart will I chace, ſaid he; and ſo he ſpurred his Horſe, and rode along after, and ſo by fine force oft he was like to have ſmitten the Hart; whereas his Horſe fell down dead, and he ſat him down by a Fountain, and there he fell into grete thoughts: And as he ſat there alone, him thought he heard a noiſe of Hounds to the number of thirty Couple, and with that he ſaw coming towards him the ſtrangeſt Beaſt that ever he ſaw or heard tell of; for the Beaſt went to the Fountain and drank, and the noiſe was in the Beaſts Belly like unto the Queſting

Queſting of thirty Couple of Hounds; but all the while the beaſt drank, there was no noiſe in the beaſts belly; and therewith the beaſt departed with a great noiſe, whereof Prince *Corniger* had gread mervail.

Then the King aroſe and went forwards a good pace to ſeek for his Knights, and ſo as he went he came to a rich Pavilion; then was he ware where a Knight ſat all armed in his Chair. Sir Knight, ſaid the King, for what cauſe abideſt thou here, that no Knight may ride this way, ſaid he, before he Juſt with me? I'le make thee leave that Cuſtom, ſaid the King. This Cuſtom, reply'd

the Knight, have I uſed, and will uſe, maugre who ſaith nay, and who is grieved with my Cuſtom, let him amend it that vvill. I vvill amend it, ſaid the King, and I vvill defend it, ſaid the Knight. So anon he lent the King a Horſe, and dreſſed his Shield, and took a Spear, and they met ſo hard either in others Shield, that they all to ſhevered their Spears; but the Knight hit him ſo hard in the middle of the Shield, that Horſe and Man fell to the ground. Then Prince *Corniger* vvas vvroth, and dreſſed his Shield tovvards him vvith his Svvord dravvn: When the Knight ſavv that, he alighted, for

for him thought it was no worſhip to have a Knight at ſuch advantage, he to be on Horſeback, and that other on foot; and ſo alight and dreſt him to Prince *Corniger*; and there began a ſtrong Battaile with many grete ſtrokes: and ſo they hewed with their Swerds, that the Cantels flew in the fields, and much bloud they bled both. So at the laſt they ſmote togyder, that both their Swerds met even togyder; but the Swerd of the Knight ſmote the Kings Swerd in two pieces. Wherefore he was full ſorry, and leapt upon the Knight, and took him by the middle, and threvv him dovvn, and raced his Helm. Whan the Knight ſaw

that, he was adradde; for he was a paſſing big man of might, and anon he brought Prince *Corniger* under him, and raced off his Helm, and would have ſmitten off his head.

Therewithall came the Lady of the Iſle of *Witch*, (for ſhe was an Enchantreſs) and ſaid, Knight hold thy hand; for and thou ſlee that Knight, thou putteſt this Realm in the greateſt damage that ever Realm was in, for this Knight is a man of more vvorſhip then thou vvoteſt of. Why, vvho is he ſaid the Knight; It is Prince *Corniger*, ſaid ſhe. Then vvould he have ſlain him for drede of his vvrath, and heved up his Svverd;

and

and therevvith the Lady caſt an Enchantment on the Knight, that he fell to the earth in a grete ſleep. Then the Lady took up the King; and as they rode togyder upon the Knights Horſe, Alas, ſaid Prince *Corniger*, haſt thou ſlain this good Knight by thy crafts? there lived not ſo vvorſhipful a Knight as he vvas. I had lever the ſtint of my Land a year that he vvere on live: Care ye not, ſaid ſhe, for he is vvholler then ye; for he is but on ſleep, and vvill avvake vvithin theſe three hours.

Right ſo the King departed, and vvent unto an Hermitage, vvhereas vvas a good man, and

a great Leche. So the Hermite ſearched all his wounds, and gave him good Salves; and the King was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended, that he might ride and go; and ſo he departed with the Lady. And as they rode, Prince *Corniger* ſaid, I have no Swerd, nor wot I where to gain one ſo good as that I loſt. Here by is a Swerd, ſaid ſhe, that ſhall be yours, and I may.

So they rode till they came to a Lake, which was a fair Water, and a broad; and in the midſt of the Lake Prince *Corniger* was ware of an Arm clothed in white Sattin, that held

a

a fair Swerd in the hand. Lo, ſaid the Lady to the King, yonder is the Swerd in that Arm which I ſpake of. With that he ſaw the Damſel that brought him the other Swerd, going upon the Lake. What Damſel is that, ſaid the King? It is my ſervant, ſaid the Lady, and ſhe will come to you anon, and then ſpeak fair to her, that ſhe will give you that Swerd: Therewith came the Dameſel to the King, and ſaluted him, and he her again. Dameſel, ſaid the King, what Swerd is that which the Arm holdeth yonder above water? I would it were mine, for I have no Swerd.

Sir, ſaid the Dameſel of the Lake, if you will venture for it, you may have it; but be adviſed, that many Knights have periſhed in the attempt That ſhall not make me adradde, ſaid the King; for I wot he is not worthy of a Swerd that deſerveth it not. Than, ſaid ſhe, you may go to yonder Barge, and rowe your ſelf to the Swerd; and if no tempeſt ariſe, it is yours, and take it, and the Scabberd with it. So than anon he came to the Swerd, and took it up by the handle, and brought it with him; and the Arm and Hand went under the water, and ſo he came to land: But the Lady

and

and her Maid were gone he wiſt not whither, which made him paſſing heavy.

So he rode forth, and came to his Caſtle, whereof his Knights were paſſing glad; and when they heard of his Adventures, they marvailed that he would jeopard his perſon alone. But all men of Worſhip ſaid it was fine to be under ſuch a Chieftain, that would put his perſon in adventure, as other poor Knights did.

The mean while came a meſſenger haſtly from King *Palliobarb*, and he was King of many Iſles; and this was his meſſage, greeting well Prince *Corniger* in this manner wiſe, ſaying, that

that King *Palliobarb* had discomfited and overcome eleven Kings, and each of them did him homage, and that was, they gave him their Beards clean flain off as much as there was: Wherefore the messenger came for *Cornigers* Beard; for King *Palliobarb* had purfeled a Mantel with Kings Beards, and there lacked for one place of the Mantel, wherefore he sent for his Beard; or else he would enter into his Lands, and burn and slee, and never leave till he have thy Head and thy Beard. Well, said the King, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villanous and lewdest message that ever man heard

heard ſent to a King. Alſo thou may'ſt ſee my Beard is full young yet for to make a purſel of. But tell thou the King this, I owe him no homage, ne none of mine Elders; but e're it be long he ſhall do me homage on both his knees, or elſe he ſhall loſe his Head by the faith of my body; for this is the moſt ſhameful meſſage that ever I heard ſpeak of. I ſee well King *Palliobarb* never met with worſhipful man; but tell him I vvill have his Head vvithout he do homage unto me: Then the Meſſenger departed.

And forth vvithall there came a poor man into the Court,

Court, and brought vvith him a fair young man of eighteen years of age riding upon a lean Mare, for he had nevvly ſprained his Leg; and the poor man asked all men that he met, Where ſhall I find the King? Yonder he is, ſaid the Knights, vvilt thou any thing vvith him? Yea, ſaid the poor man, therefore I came hither. Anon as he came before the King, he ſaluted him, and ſaid, O Prince *Corniger*, the Flovver of all Knights and Kings, I beſeech Jeſu ſave thee. Sir, it vvas told me, that at this time novv you are made King, that vvithin the firſt year and a day you vvould grant any man the gift

that

that he vvould ask, except it vvere unreaſonable. That is trouth, ſaid the King, ſuch cryes I let make, and thoſe vvill I hold, ſo they appair not my Realm nor mine eſtate. Ye ſay vvell and graciouſly, quoth the poor man; Sir, I ask nothing elles, but that ye vvill make my Son a Knight. It is a grete thing thou askeſt of me, ſaid the King, vvhat is thy name? My name is *Bubulcus* the Covvherd, ſaid the poor man. Whither cometh this deſire of thee or of thy Son, ſaid the King. Nay Sir, ſaid *Bubulcus*, this deſire cometh of my Son, and not of me; for I ſhall tell you, I have ſeven Sons,

and

and all they will fall to what labour I put them, and will be right glad to do labour; but this Child will do no labour for me for any thing that my Wife or I may do, but always he will be ſhooting or caſting Darts, and glad to ſee Battails, and to behold Knights; and alwayes both day and night he deſireth of me to be made a Knight. What is thy name amongſt thy Companions, ſaid the King to the young man? They call me, ſaid he, *Crucifrage* ever ſince I ran ſo faſt to take a Lamb from a Wolf, that I broke my Leg. Than the King beheld him faſt, and ſaw he was paſſingly well viſaged, and paſſingly well made

of

of his years; and he ſaid to *Bubulcus* the Cowherd, Where is the Swerd that he ſhall be made Knight withall? It is here, ſaid the youth; then take it out of the ſheath, ſaid the King, and require me to make thee a Knight: Then he pulled out his Swerd, and required the King he would make him a Knight. I will make you, ſaid the King, and therewith ſmote him in the neck with the Swerd, ſaying, Be ye a good Knight, and ſo I pray to God ye may be of Proweſs and Worthineſs. Now, ſaid he to one of his Knights named Sir *Aſtrolog*, that had Skill in Phyſiognomy, ſay whether Sir *Crucifrag* ſhall be a good

good Knight or no? Yea Sir, ſaid Sir *Aſtrolog*, he ought to be a good Knight, for he is come of as good a man as any is o'n live, and of Kings bloud. How ſo, ſaid the King? I ſhall tell you, ſaid Sir *Aſtrolog*, this poor man the Cowherd is not his fader. But I ſuppoſe nay, ſaid the Cowherd. Well fetch thy Wife, ſaid Sir *Aſtrolog*, afore me, and ſhe ſhall ſay nay. Anone the Wife was ſent for, which was a fair Houſewife; and there ſhe anſwered Sir *Aſtrolog* full womanly. And there ſhe told the King, that when ſhe was a Maid, and went to milk Kine, there met her a ſtearn Knight, and half by force he got

got her Maidenhead, and at that time he begat this Youth; and he took away from me my Greyhound that I had at that time with me, and ſaid that he would keep it for my Love. Ah, ſaid the Cowherd, I wend not this, but I may believe it well, for he had never no likeneſs of me. Sir *Aſtrolog*, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, diſhonour not my Mother. Sir, ſaid Sir *Aſtrolog*, it is more for your worſhip then hurt; for your Fader is a good Knight and a King, and you were begotten before your Moder was married. That is trouth, ſaid the Wife. It is the leſs grief to me, ſaid the Cowherd.

Right ſo the Cowherd departed, and Sir *Crucifrag* rode forth to ſeek Adventures; when as he was aware of a Knight on the other ſide the Lond all armed ſave the Head; and on the other ſide the Lond came a Dwarf on Horſeback alſo all armed, but the Head with a grete Mouth and a ſhort Noſe: And the Dwarf when he came nigh the Knight, ſaid, Where is the Lady that ſhould meet us here? And therewithall ſhe came forth out of the Wood, and they began to ſtrive for the Lady; for the Knight ſaid that he would have her, and the Dwarf ſaid that he would have her. Well, ye do well, ſaid

the

the Dwarf, yonder is a Knight at the Croſs, let us put it to his judgment; and as he deemeth, even ſo be it. I will: Well, ſaid the Knight. And then they went all three unto Sir *Crucifrag*, and told him wherefore they two ſtrove. Well Sir, ſaid he, will ye put the matter into my hands? Yea Sir, ſaid they both. Now Dameſel, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, ye ſhall ſtand between them both, and whether ye liſt better to go to, he ſhall have you. And ſo when the Dameſel was ſet between them two, ſhe left the Knight, and went to the Dwarf; and the Dwarf took her, and went his way ſinging, and the

Knight went his way mourning.

Then came Sir *Crucifrag* to an Husbandman of the Countrey who told him how there was in that place a great Giant, who had ſlain, murdered, and devoured much people of the Countrey, and had been ſuſtained ſeven years with the Children of the Commons of that Land, and now of late he had taken a Dutcheſs, the faireſt Woman in the world, and killed her Husband, and had led her to his Lodging which was in a Mountain, for to raviſh her, and lie by her to her lives end; and many people followed her more then five hundred;

dred; but all they might not reſcue her, but they left her ſhryking and crying moſt lamentably; wherefore I ſuppoſe he hath ſlain her in fulfilling his foul luſt of Lechery. Alas, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, this is a grete miſchief, I had lever then the beſt Realm, that I had been a furlong way before him, to have reſcued her. Now fellow, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, canſt thou bring me there where as this Giant haunteth? Yea Sir, ſaid the poor man, lo yonder whereas you ſee two great fires, there ſhall ye not fail to find him, and more Treaſure as I ſuppoſe then is in a great Realm. When Sir *Crucifrag* had well under-

ſtood this piteous caſe, he made ready his Horſe and Harneſs, and after Evenſong he rode forth as faſt as he might, till he came to the Mountain; and ſo he aſcended up the Mount till he came to a great fire, and there found he a careful Widow wringing her hands, and making great ſorrow, ſitting by a Grave new made: And then Sir *Crucifrag* ſaluted her, and demanded her whereof ſhe made ſo great lamentation: Unto whom ſhe anſwered, Sir Knight, ſpeak ſoft, for yonder is a Monſter; if he hear thee ſpeak he will come and deſtroy thee: I hold thee unhappy for coming here in this Mountain, for if ye were

were ſuch fifty as ye be, ye were not able to make reſiſtance againſt this Devil. See where lieth a VVoman dead, which was the Siſter to a Noble mans VVife, that he hath murthered in forceing her. Dame, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, I come from the great Prince *Corniger* to treat with this Tyrant, for his Leige People. Fie upon ſuch Treaties, ſaid the VVidow, he ſetteth nought by Prince *Corniger*, ne by no man elſe. Beware, approach him not nigh, for he hath overcome and vanquiſhed fifteen Kings, and four hundred Knights, and hath made a Coat embroidered vvith their Beards, vvhich they

ſent him to have his love for ſparing of their people; but on if thou wilt ſpeak with him, at yonder fire he is at ſupper. Well, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, I will accomplish my meſſage for all your fearful words, and he went forth by the creſt of that Hill, and ſaw where he ſate at ſouper knawing on the limb of a man, beking his broad limbs by the fire, and breechleſs, and three Dameſels turning three broches, whereon were broched twelve young Children late born like young birds. When Sir *Crucifrag* beheld this piteous ſight, he had great compaſſion on them, ſo that his heart bled for ſorrow, and hailed him, ſaying,

ing in this wiſe, He that all the world weldeth give thee ſhort life, and a ſhameful death, and the Devil have thy ſoul; why haſt thou murdered theſe young innocent Children, and this Woman? Therefore ariſe and dreſs thee thou Clutton, for this day ſhalt thou die of my hands. Then anon the Giant ſtarted up, and took a great club in his hand, and ſmote at Sir *Crucifrag*, that his Club fell far into the earth, and Sir *Crucifrag* hit him again, that he carved his belly (for he was breechleſs for haſte) that his Guts and Entrails fell down to the ground; then the three Dameſels kneeled down, and

called

called to our Lord Jeſu Chriſt for help and comfort of the noble Knight Sir *Crucifrag*. So Sir *Crucifrag* ſmote off the Giants Head, and the Dameſels came and thanked him, and brought him to the fair Dutcheſs, and many priſoners. Theſe he releaſed, and bid them divide the Goods amongſt them; onely he took the Giants head and Club, and the fair Dutcheſs to himſelf, and with her he made good cheer, and either drank to other freely of the Giants good wine; and they thought never drink that ever they drank to other was ſo ſweet nor ſo good. But by that their drink was in their bodies,

bodies, they loved each other ſo well, that Sir *Crucifrag* and the Dutcheſs Love was not to be parted for wele nor for woe.

And ſo anon they departed, and rode ſo long, till by fortune they came nigh a Caſtle, and there they arrived for to reſt them, wening to have had good harbour. But anon as Sir *Crucifrag* was within the Caſtle, they were taken priſoners; for the Cuſtom of that Caſtle was, that ſuch that brought any Lady, muſt needs fight with the Lord of the Caſtle, which was high Sir *Bullirock*, and he that was weakeſt ſhould loſe his head; and than if his

Lady

Lady be fowler then the Lords Wife, ſhe muſt leſe her head; and if ſhe be fairer proved, then the Lady of the Caſtle muſt looſe her head. Now ſo God help me, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, this is a ſhameful cuſtom; nethe-leſs I have one avantage, for I have a Lady, fairer ſaw I never in all my life days, and I doubt not but ſhe ſhall ſave her head. Then he ſaid to the Knight that took them Priſoners, I have great nervail, Sir, what is the cauſe that your Lord hold-eth us Priſoners; for it was never the cuſtom of any place of worſhip that ever I came in, that when a Knight and a Lady asked harbour, and were recei-

received, and then after they ſhould be deſtroyed, it is a foul evil cuſtom by the faith of my body; wherefore tell your Lord, I will be ready as to morrow with my Lady and my ſelf to Battaile, if it be ſo that I may have my Horſe and my Armour. Sir, ſaid the Knight, undertake that your deſire ſhall ſpeed right well, and therewith he departed. And on the morrow betimes that ſame Knight came unto Sir *Crucifrag*, and put him and his Lady out of Priſon, and brought him Horſe and Armour which was his own, and bade him make him ready to the Field: For all the Chieftains

tains and Commons of that Lordſhip were there ready to behold the Battaile, and give judgement. Then came Sir *Bullirock* the Lord of the Caſtle, holding his Lady by the hand all muffled, and asked Sir *Crucifrag* where his Lady was, for and thy Lady be fairer then mine, vvith thy Svverd ſmite off my Ladies head, and if my Lady be fairer then thine, then muſt I ſtrike off her head; and if my Lady loſe her head, yet ſhall I ſlee thee, and have thy Lady. Sir Knight, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, this is a foul and an horrible cuſtom, and rather then my Lady ſhould loſe her head, yet had I lever loſe my head.

head. Nay, ſaid Sir *Bullirock*, the Ladies ſhall be firſt ſhewed togyder; then I doubt not, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, but my Lady is fairer then thine, and that will I prove and make good with mine own hands; and whoſoever he be that will ſay nay, I will prove it upon his Head: And therewithall Sir *Crucifrag* ſhewed his Lady, and turned her thrice about, with his naked Swerd drawn in his hand. And when Sir *Bullirock* ſaw that, he turned his Lady about in the ſame wiſe. But when he beheld Sir *Crucifrag*'s Lady, him thought he never ſaw a fairer Lady, and then he did drede that his Ladies Head ſhould

ſhould be ſmitten off: And all the people that were there preſent, gave judgment that Sir *Crucifrag*'s Lady was fairer then the Lady of the Caſtle, and the better made body. So God me help, ſaid Sir *Bullirock*, thy Lady is fairer then mine, and that me ſore repenteth, and therefore ſlee my Lady, for I doubt not but thy Lady ſhall be mine. Thou muſt win her, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, as dear as ever Knight won Lady; and becauſe of thine own judgement, as thou wouldeſt have done unto my Lady, if ſhe had been fouler then thine; and becauſe of thine evil cuſtom, give me thy Lady, and therewithall

withall he ſtrode unto Sir *Bullirock*, and took his Lady from him, and with an awke ſtroke he ſmote off her Head. Now Knight, ſaid Sir *Bullirock*, now haſt thou done me a deſpite; wherefore take thy Horſe, ſith I have loſt my Lady; for I will win thy Lady, and I may. Then they took their Horſes, and came togyder as faſt as their Horſes might run, and both fell to the ground horſe and man. Then Sir *Bullirock* gave Sir *Crucifrag* three or four ſad blows before he could recover, and would have ſlain him, but Sir *Crucifrag* was young and nimble, and avoided his Horſe, and then they ruſhed

together like two wild Boars full mightily; for this Sir *Bullirock* was a proved Knight, and had been e're then the death of many good Knights, that it was pity that he had so long endured; and thus they fought hurtling here and there two hours: So Sir *Crucifrag* was wroth, and took a mighty blow, for he vvas a big and strong Knight, and clove Sir *Bullirock* from the Crest of his Pate to his Breast; and then all they that belonged to the Castle came and did him homage, praying that he vvould foredo that foul Custom. Sir *Crucifrag* granted thereto; then he returned to Prince *Corniger* with his Lady.

But

But as he Rode, there met him I trow, the Richeſt Lady and the Faireſt of all the World, who ſaluted him, and he her; then ſhe beſought him to be her Love, for ſhe had loved him above all earthly men, and ſhe would make him richer then ever was man of his age. When Sir *Crucifrag* heard her words, he was right evil at eaſe, for he could not conſent before his dear Lady, ſo wyſt he not how to anſwer. Alas ſaid ſhe! Will you not ſtay with me one night? Madam ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, there is no Lady in the World whoſe will I will fulfil as touching this thing, but this. Then ſhe made much ſorrow,

as if she would have died. Now you have brought me to my end said she, and therewith she departed and went up to a high Battlement, and led with her twelve Gentlewomen and when they were above, one of them cry'd, *Sir*, Gentile Knight, have mercy on us all, and suffer my Lady to have her will, or we must perish with her from this high Tower. Than Sir *Crucifrag* looked up, and they seemed all Ladies of great Estate and Riches, and well beseen; then had he great pity of them: but he was counselled within himself, that lever then he forsake his own good Lady, they all died. So they fell

down

down all at once to the earth, and when he saw that sudden chance, he was right sore abashed, and had thereof full great mervail; and with that he blessed his Body and his Visage, and anon he heard a full grete noise and a great cry, as though all the Fiends in Hell had been about him; and therewith he saw neither Towre nor Ladies, ne Gentlewomen, ne Chappel. Than held he up both his hands to Heaven, and said, Good Father, I am right well escaped: And then he took his way strait to Prince *Corniger's* Castle with his Lady, and found there a passing fair Fellowship, and well beseen,

whereof each other had great joy. And when he told how he had ſped, they had great mervail, that man on earth might ſpeed ſo ſoon, and go and come.

So it drew faſt to *Michaelmas*, and thyder came many a noble and Peerleſs Lady and good Knights to ſee the Wedding between Sir *Crucifrag* and the Dutcheſs; and ſo when this Solemnity was done, there came in fourſcore Knights and thirty Ladies, and all theſe told the King how Sir *Crucifrag* had delivered them from the dolorous Giaunt, and ſlew him without pity; and therefore we and our Heirs will do homage

mage unto Sir *Crucifrag.* So then Prince *Corniger* made him his Champion that ſame day; and after that the Earles and Barons, and many ſtout Knights went unto meat, and well ye may wite that there was all manner of meat plenteouſly, and all manner of Revels, and Games, and Dauncing; and the Kings chief Muſician ſang on this wiſe.

O *Would to God that now were one,*
another ſuch as Arion,
who had a harp of ſuch tempture,
and thereto of ſo good meaſure

he ſung, that he the beaſts wild
made of his note tame and mild.
The Hind in peace with the Lion,
the Wolf in peace with the Mutton,
the Hart in peace ſtood with the
(Hound;
and every man on the ſame ground
which at that time this Harper
heard,
as well the Lord as the Shepherd.
He brought them all in good accord,
ſo that the Common with the Lord,
and Lords with the Common alſo,
he ſet in amity both two,
and put away melancholly;
that was a luſty melody, when

when ev'ry man did th' other love.
And if there were the ground above
one which could harp as he did,
he might avail in many a ſtede,
to make peace where now is hate,
for many men think on debate.
And now God wot upon this tide,
we ſee the world on every ſide
in ſundry wiſe ſo diverſed,
that it well nigh ſtands all reverſed.
So were it good at this tide,
that every man on his ſide
beſought, and pray'd for the peace,
which is the cauſe of all increaſe,

of

of worſhip, and of worlds wealth,
of hearts reſt, and ſouls health.
Then pray for Peace ye mortal men.

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Then after theſe fine doings, the next day Juſted Sir *Cruel*, and he o'rethrew thirty Knights, and did paſſing marvellous deeds of Arms, that all men had great wonder of his noble deeds. Alſo the ſecond day Juſted Sir *Raſour*, and he o'rethrew twenty Knights, and did like a mighty Knight. The third day Juſted Sir *Fierce*, and he o'rethrew nine and thirty Knights, ſome Horſe and man,

man, and ſome the man and not the horſe, and there was none but he was hit ſurely ſo, that he bare none Arms that day. But at the laſt came a ſtrange Knight, and ran ſo hard againſt Sir *Fierce*, that he bare him dovvn horſe and man, that he lay in a Svvound. Novv this ſtranger, as you ſhall knovv hereafter, vvas King *Palliobarb*, vvhich had been eſteemed the biggeſt Knight in the vvorld; for having heard of Sir *Crucifrag*, and becauſe Prince *Corniger* had denied to ſend his Beard, he had great deſpite, and ſet out from his Caſtle vvith tvvo Knights to come and kill Prince *Corniger*, or Sir *Crucifrag*;

frag; but in the way he said to his Knights, Now will I tell you my counsel, for ye be the men that I trust most on live; and I will that ye wot my going is to this intent, for to destroy Prince *Corniger* or Sir *Crucifrag*, by wiles or by treason; and it shall be hard if they escape us. Alas, said one of them, what thing mean you to be set in such a way, ye are shamefully disposed; for Sir *Crucifrag* and Prince *Corniger* are Knights of the most worship that we know now living; and therefore I warn you plainly, that I will never consent to do him to death; and therefore I will yield my ser-

vice

vice and forſake you. Whan King *Palliobarb* heard him ſay ſo, ſuddenly he drew his Swerd, and ſaid, O falſe Traytour, and ſmote him on the head, ſo that the Swerd went to his teeth: Whan the other Knight ſaw him do that villanous deed, and alſo the Squires, they ſaid all it was foully done and miſchievouſly; wherefore we will appeach thee of Treaſon before Prince *Corniger* and Sir *Crucifrag*. Then was the King wonderous wrath, and would have ſlain him; but he and the two Squires held them togyder, and ſet nought by his malice; ſo he departed from them, and they buried the Body.

Thus

Thus came King *Palliobarb* to Prince *Corniger's* Caſtle, and ſmote Sir *Fierce*, thinking by his mervaillous deeds that he was Sir *Crucifrag*. Beſide, he defied all Prince *Corniger's* Knights that day, and let cry how he would fight with any of them body for body, but there could be found no Knight amongſt them that would fight with him that day. The next day (for he might not fight the three days of his Marriage Feaſt) Sir *Crucifrag* offered himſelf to fight with that bold Knight. I ſhall fight with him, ſaid he, or elſe I will be ſlain in the plain Field.

So

So on the morrow they met to do battail as long as Horſe may endure; and after that to do battail on Foot to their lives end. So whan appointment was made, they departed each from the other, and they came togyder with all the might that their Horſes might run, and either ſmote other ſo hard, that both Horſe and Knights went unto the earth. Then they both lightly aroſe, and dreſſed their Shields on their Shoulders with naked Swerds in their hands, and they daſhed togyder like as they had been a flaming fire; thus they traced, and raced, and hewed on Helms, and cut away many

pieces

pieces and cantels of their Shields, and either wounded other passing sore, so that the hot bloud fell upon the earth; and by that they had foughten togyder the maintenance of an hour, King *Palliobarb* waxed faint, and gave sore aback, that saw Sir *Crucifrag*, and followed fiercely upon him, for he gave him twenty strokes for one, and ever he cry'd, yield thee. So King *Palliobarb* threw away his Swerd, and pulled off his Helm to breath; but when Prince *Corniger* and his Barons saw it was King *Palliobarb*, they were mervailously astonied: But he fell dead to the earth for grief and for his wounds. Then did

did Prince *Corniger* make great joy for the Victory, and gave Sir *Crucifrag* a brave Caſtel for his reward, for delivering him from his great Enemy King *Palliobarb*, who had been counted the moſt villanous as well as the ſtouteſt Knight on earthly habitation; and eke alſo all the Barons and Knights praiſed the ſtern might of Sir *Crucifrag*, ſo that he was counted the worſhipfulleſt Knight of the world: but ſome were envious. For at the ſeaſon of the merry moneth of *May*, when every luſty heart flouriſheth; for as the ſeaſon is luſty to behold, and comfortable; ſo man and woman rejoyce: for Winter

with his rough windes and blaſtes, cauſeth a luſty man to coure and ſit by the fire. So in this moneth of *May* it fell out, that there happened a great Love of the Queen to Sir *Crucifrag*, the which never ſtinted till the Flower of Chivaldry of all the world was deſtroyed and ſlain; and this befell long of two unhappy Knights, who had ever a privy hate unto Sir *Crucifrag*'s Proweſs, and then they ſaid openly, and not in counſaile, that many Knights might hear it, I mervail that we all be not aſhamed both to ſee and know how Sir *Crucifrag* lieth daily and nightly by the Queen, and all

all we know it ſo, and it is ſhamefully ſuffered of us all, that we ſhould ſuffer ſo noble a King as is Prince *Corniger*, to be ſhamed; therefore fall of it what fall may, I will declare it to the King. Ye ſhall not do ſo, ſaid the reſt; for if there riſe any war and wrath between Sir *Crucifrag* and us, wyte you well, there will be many Kings and Knights that will hold with Sir *Crucifrag*; alſo Sir *Crucifrag* hath done the King great ſervice, and reſcued him from his Enemies; and the beſt of us all had been full cold at the heart root, had not Sir *Crucifrag* been a better Knight than we. Do you then

as you list, said Sir *Blaball*, (for it was his name) I will hide so no longer.

With these words came to them the King. Now stint your noise, said they to Sir *Blaball*. But I will not, quoth he. Than good speed, said they, for we will not hear your tales, ne ony of your counsel; and therewith they departed, making great doole.

And then Prince *Corniger* asked Sir *Blaball* what noise they made. My Liege, said Sir *Blaball*, I shall tell you what I may hold no longer. Here is I and my Brother *Sneeks* know all, that Sir *Crucifrag* holdeth your Queen, and hath done long

long, and we your good Friends and Servants may not ſuffer it any longer; and therefore we will prove that he is a Traytour to your perſon. If it be ſo, ſaid the King, wyte you well he is an hardy Knight, and all know he is the man of moſt might among us; and if he be taken with the deed, he will fight with him that brought up the noiſe, and I know no Knight is able to match him. But if it be ſoth that ye ſay, I would he were taken in the deed. My Lord, ſaid Sir *Blaball*, to morrow ſhall ye ride on Hunting, and when it draweth toward night, ye may ſend the Queen word that ye vvill

lie out all that night, and ſo may ye ſend for your Cooks; and then upon pain of death vve ſhall bring him dead or alive. I, vvill, vvell, ſaid the King; but bevvare, for ye ſhall find him mighty vvyghty. So on the morrovv the King rode on Hunting: Then Sir *Blaball* and Sir *Sneeks* did themſelves in a Chamber in the Caſtle. So vvhen night came, Sir *Crucifrag* told his truſty Friend Sir *Fierce*, he vvould go ſpeak vvith the Queen. Sir, ſaid Sir *Fierce*, I alvvays dread me moch of Sir *Sneeks* and his Brother Sir *Blaball*, vvho vvait you daily to do you ſhame, and never gave my heart againſt any going that ever

ever ye vvent to the Queen ſo much as novv. Have ye no doubt, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, I ſhall go and come, and make no tarrying; and I will not be ſo moch a Covvard, but that ſhe ſhall underſtand I vvill ſee her good grace. Speed you vvell, ſaid Sir *Fierce*, and ſend you ſafe and ſound.

So Sir *Crucifrag* departed, and took his ſvverd underneath his arm; and ſo that noble Knight vvent forth in his Mantle, and put himſelf in great jeopardy, and ſo he paſſed till he came to the Queen. And than the Queen and Sir *Crucifrag* vvere togyder, and vvhither they vvere a bed, or at o-

ther manner of ſports, me liſt not thereof to make mention, (for Love at that time vvas not as it is novv adays) but thus as they vvere togyder, there came Sir *Blaball* vvith Sir *Sneeks*, and ten more Knights, crying vvith a loud noiſe, that all the Court might hear it, Traiterous Knight, Sir *Crucifrag*, novv art thou taken. Alas, ſaid the Queen, novv are vve miſchieved both. Madam, ſaid he, have you any Armour here vvithin your Chamber, that I might cover my body vvithall; and if there be any, I pray you heartily let me have, and I ſhall ſoon ſtint their malice. Truly, ſaid the Queen, I have

have no Armour, ne Shield, ne Svverd, ne Spear; vvherefore I drede me ſore our long Love is come to a miſchievous end, and therefore ye are like to be ſlain, and I ſhall be brent. Alas, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, in all my life v vas I never thus beſtead, that I ſhould be thus ſhamefully ſlain for lack of mine Armour; but alvvays Sir *Blaball* cry'd, Traytour, come out of the Queens Chamber. O Jeſu, mercy, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, this ſhameful cry and noiſe I may not ſuffer; for better vvere death at once, then thus to endure pain; and therevvithall Sir *Crucifrag* vvrapped his Mantel round about his Arm vvell and ſurely, and

by

by then they had gotten a grete Form out of the Hall, and therewithall they daſhed at the Chamber door. Faire Lords, ſaid Sir *Crucifrag*, leave your noiſe and your daſhing, and I ſhall ſet open the door, and then may ye do with me what it liketh you to do. Then Sir *Crucifrag* unbarred the Door, and with his left hand he held it open a little, ſo that but one man might come in at once; and ſo anon there came ſtriding a good Knight, a big man and a large, and with a Swerd he ſtruck at Sir *Crucifrag* mightily; but Sir *Crucifrag* put aſide the ſtroak, and gave him ſuch

ſuch a buffet upon the Helm, that he fell down dead, groveling within the door: and then Sir *Crucifrag* with his ſtern might drew in the dead Knight within the Chamber, and with the help of the Queen and her Ladies was lightly armed in his Armour; and ever ſtood Sir *Blaball* crying, Traytour, come out of the Queens Chamber, we will have thy Head maugre all thy might, if we pleaſe to ſlay thee; for we will let thee to wyte, that we have the choice of Prince *Corniger*, to ſave thee or to ſlee thee. So then Sir *Crucifrag* was wroth, and ſet open the Chamber door, and mightily and Knightly

ly he strode amongst them; and anon at the first beset he slew Sir *Blaball*, and within a little while after five more; for there was none of all them that might stand Sir *Crucifrag* a buffet. Also he wounded Sir *Sneeks*, and he fled with all his might, and the rest with him: and then Sir *Crucifrag* returned again to the Queen, and he kist her, and promised to rescue her, and either gave other a Ring; and so he went to his Lodging, and told Sir *Fierce* all that had happened; so they fled to Sir *Crucifrag*'s Castle, and many good Knights cleave to them.

Now

Now whan Prince *Corniger* was adviſed of what was paſſed, he commanded his Knights to be ready in their beſt Array with their brethren, to bring the Queen to the Fire; for ſhe ſhall ſoon have her Judgment: And then the Queen was led forth without the Caſtle, and there ſhe was deſpoiled to her Smock; and ſo then her Ghoſtly Father was brought to her to be ſhriven of her miſdeeds. Then was there weeping, and wailing, and wringing of hands of many Lords and Ladies; but there were but few in compariſon that would bare any Armour for to ſtrengthen the death of the Queen. Then

was

was there one that Sir *Crucifrag* had ſent for to ſpie what time the Queen ſhould go to her Judgment; and anon when as he ſaw that the Queen was deſpoiled to her Smock, and and alſo that ſhe was ſhriven, then he gave warning to Sir *Crucifrag*; then was there hot ſpurning and plucking up of Horſes, and right ſo they came to the Fire, and who ſtood againſt them were ſlain, there might none withſtand Sir *Crucifrag* and Sir *Fierce*. So all that bare Arms and withſtood them were ſlain, even many a noble Knight. Then when Sir *Crucifrag* had done this, and put to flight all that would with-

withſtand him, he rode ſtraight to the Queen, and made a Gown to be caſt upon her; and then he made her to be ſet behind him, and pray'd her to be of good cheer: Wyte you well, that the Queen was right glad ſhe was eſcaped from death; and then ſhe thanked God and Sir *Crucifrag*, and ſo he rode away with the Queen, and many cleave to him. Now when this was known openly that Prince *Corniger* and Sir *Crucifrag* were at debate, many Knights were glad of their debate, and many Knights were ſorry of their debate.

So then Prince *Corniger* ſent Writes, and let cryes through-

out

out his Realm in length and breadth, for to aſſemble all his Knights, ſo that he had a great Hoſt; and when they were aſſembled, the King told them how Sir *Crucifrag* had bereft him of his Queen: Then all made them ready to lay Siege to Sir *Crucifrag*, whereas he lay in his Caſtle. Thereof heard Sir *Crucifrag*, and purveyed him of many a good Knight, ſome for his own ſake, and ſome for the Queens. Then Prince *Corniger* made many Knights to blow upon Sir *Crucifrag*, and all at once they called him, Traiterous and recreant Knight. At this Sir *Crucifrag* was wroth, and all his Knights;

Knights; and on the morrow either party made them ready to do Battaile, and great purveyance was made on both sides. Then came forth Sir *Hasty* on the Kings party, and proffered to Just. So Sir *Fierce* ran against him, and smote him through the body. Then there began a great stir of breaking Spears, and smiting of Swerds; and ever Prince *Corniger* was nigh to Sir *Crucifrag* for to have slain him, and Sir *Crucifrag* suffered him, and would not strike again. Wherefore Sir *Traiterous* encountred with the King unawares, and there with a Spear he smote him down to the ground; and so

he alighted and drew his Sword, and said to Sir *Crucifrag*, Shall I make an end of this War? and therewith he meant to have slain the King. Not so hardy, said Sir *Crucifrag*, upon pain of thy Head, if thou touch him any more: for I will see that the most noble King that made me Knight, be neither slain ne ashamed, and therewithall Sir *Crucifrag* alighted from his Horse, and took up the King, and horsed him again, and said unto him thus, My Liege Lord, for Gods Love stint the strife, for ye may get no worship, and I do my uttermost to forbear you, and ye, ne none of yours forbeareth me: My Liege, remember

member what I have done for you, and now am I evil rewarded. So when Prince *Corniger* was again on Horseback, he looked upon Sir *Crucifrag*, and the tears brast out of his eyes, thinking on the great courtesie that was in Sir *Crucifrag* more than in any other man; and therewith the King rode his way, and might no longer behold him, and said to himself, Alas that ever this War began; and then either party withdrew them for to rest, and bury the dead bodies, and to the wounded they laid soft Salves; and thus they endured that night till on the morrow; and then they made

them

them ready to Battail. Then came Sir *Crucifrag* as grim as any Bear, in a black Armour, that he might not be known, with a great Spear in his hand, and he smote on the right hand and on the left, which astonied Prince *Corniger* and all his Knights; so they resolved to set upon that sturdy Knight; but he ran Sir *Killman* through the body horse and all, and also with a buffet kill'd Sir *Rasour*; but as he stroke at Sir *Ironside*, his Swerd brake, and Prince *Corniger* slew him. Then he drew away the body, to see who that famous and stern Knight might be; and when he savv it was Sir *Crucifrag*, he

ran

ran his own Swerd through his body, and died by him. Thus the dismal War ceased; and when the Queen heard of all the dolorous case, she poysoned her self. Then was vveeping and vvailing, and great dool, such as vvas never made, for the Flovvers of Chivalry vvere vvithered and dead. *O hone, O hone.*

The Authours Friend to the Readers upon his peruſal of the Work.

LO here Antiquity, what think you, Sirs,
To ſee a Poem dreſt in Boots and Spur;
A ſhort Cloak, and long Breeches, in the faſhion
Of thoſe that liv'd before us in this nation:
'Tis pretty (faith) and pleaſant for to ſee
How we with Antiquity diſagree.
And to that purpoſe here my loving friend
His Conjuring-glaſs unto the World doth lend;
Where both his worth appearing we may finde,
And Chaucer's *Ghoaſt, or elſe we all are blinde.*

FINIS.